

NEIGHBORING BUILDINGS SHATTERED AND FIRE SPREADS, CAUSING HEAVY PROPERTY LOSSES.

Armed and had to be taken away by the police.

Bank Clerks Cool.
Many others who were in the street at the time were rendered unconscious or injured either by falling glass or by the force of the explosion was terrific, shaking the surrounding buildings and working havoc all along the streets.

"The scene in the Irving National Bank, on the corner of Greenwich and Warren streets, was terrible. I made a hasty inspection of the premises shortly after the big explosion and I found that nearly every one in the bank excepting a young man of eighteen named Bruce was injured."

"Officers of the bank cared for the injured first and then looked after the funds of the institution, which were removed to Greenway & Godfrey's, some distance away."

Save Roof Blown Off.
John McElroy, of 338 Monroe street, Brooklyn, was sitting on the roof of the six-story building at 64 West Broadway, near Murray street, a block and a half away from the explosion.

He says the first explosion occurred at 12:15 o'clock, and its force was directed upward for a matter of thirty feet, when the column of debris spread and fell downward. It took the roof off the building, and he could hear the cries and screams of injured people.

Three minutes later the third explosion, which he said was the worst of all, came. It shook the building where he was, and debris fell all about him.

Policeman Galvin, of the Church street station, was in the immediate vicinity of the fire when the first of the series of explosions occurred.

He said that a number of firemen were blown to death on the Warren street side of the building. He said that he rescued one of them, but that no living being could have rescued the others.

Of the one he rescued he did not have time to inquire the name or to what company he belonged. He knows, however, that the man was cut and bleeding.

He took him across the street and turned him over to a storekeeper.

Every available physician and ambulance surgeon who could be reached was called into service and the various stores which were not damaged by the explosions were turned into temporary hospitals for the care of the wounded.

Demis Joris, twenty years old, of 139 Greenwich street, was walking on the other side of Greenwich street at the time of the explosion.

He said there was one great explosion followed immediately by four others. He was hit on the head by a jagged piece of heavy plate glass and almost stunned. It crashed through his stiff hat and inflicted a severe scalp wound.

The young man was taken to the office of Dr. M. C. Ross at 134 Broadway. Mr. Joris was hardly able to talk.

"It was terrible," he said. "The whole building fell in. I could hear men screaming and shouting, and then all was still. I got out of it as fast as I could."

At the building at 64 West Broadway a large number of girls employed in buildings near the explosion, took refuge. One of them was Mary G. Scanlon. She was cut about the face and had a deep gash on the right arm, where she had been struck by flying pieces of glass.

William O'Rourke, ten years old, who lived at 233 Greenwich street, the building nearly escaped from his home.

The building, he says, was shattered. He does not know whether his parents got out alive or not. He is at the Church street station.

Joseph Underwood, employed by the wholesale stationery firm of E. G. Croker, 36 Warren street, was passing the drug store after the first explosion. A policeman was trying to enter a first floor window from a ladder. He uttered and Underwood said "Hold on, I'll go in there."

He did so. From the first floor he went to the second, the policeman following.

The smoke was awful, but the two men looked around thoroughly.

Found No One.
They could find no one on either floor. Everything was blown out clean and Underwood and the policeman believe everybody perished who was on either of the two floors.

While Underwood was still in the building there came the next two explosions. He was blown out of the window and was injured by flying debris and chemicals.

He got up and started for the window when another explosion took place. He was blown out to the fire-escape and fell about twenty feet to the sidewalk. He was able to get up and remained about after having his wounds dressed. His injuries, however, were unusually painful, especially those caused by acids.

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Thomas McFarland, of 64 West Broadway, was passing at the time of the explosion. He saw firemen place a ladder up alongside the building and start up. When the second explosion came the men were blown off the ladders like flies and hurled into the street. They were all injured and lay groaning on the pavement.

On the southwest corner of Washington and Warren streets stands a building occupied by Montague & Sons. The explosion at Tarrant's sent flames and brands flying through the windows of this structure and into a great pile of baskets and other inflammable material. The heap rapidly caught fire and a general rush was made to stop the spread of the flames.

After a hard struggle the fire was subdued.

Were Watching Fire.

Mr. Moore, of Eppen, Schmitt, Wieman & Co., a coffee and tea house on Warren street, opposite the Tarrant building, says: "I had a number of clerks who were on the sidewalk watching the progress of the fire. The flames went to floor with great rapidity. The building was full of firemen, and in the windows of the upper floors were men and girls who could not make their escape."

"The men called out to us: 'Run for your lives. There'll be a big explosion in a minute.'"

"We got for the rear of our store. Not a moment too soon. The car came before we were ten yards back. We were knocked down and showered with everything. Two of the men were thrown so hard that their legs were broken. I recall that at the moment of the explosion there was a blinding flash of deep red and the flame that is caused by fire."

"When I picked myself up and looked back I could see nothing of the building which a moment before had been filled with human beings."

Girls in Panic.

Clarks in Morris Jackson & Co.'s place, at 36 Greenwich street, were in the rear window watching the fire in the back of the Tarrant building. There is a fire escape there, and this, they say, was filled with girls trying frantically to escape. They were leaving their clothes and tumbling into the rear area. While the ladder was filled with struggling girls.



RESCUING INJURED PEDESTRIANS.

gling girls the explosion came and all were lost.

Ed Simon, of 110 Warren street, was two hundred feet away from the blazing building when the explosion took place. He was watching the girls in the upper windows shouting for help.

When the explosion came he saw their bodies hurled high in the air and dropped into the flaming mass in the street. Mr. Simon was knocked down by a flying chunk of timber.

Save None Rescued.

F. A. Hussey, a clerk at 110 Warren street, passed Tarrant's a few minutes after the fire broke out. He said there was a passage way between the building and the adjacent house on the east. There was a fire-escape there, and it was filled with struggling women. Hussey knew that the building was filled with chemicals and did not flinger to learn their fate. He was only a hundred feet away when the place blew up.

He said that none of the girls on the fire-escape in the passageway could have reached safety.

The stories of these four men would seem to place the loss of life among Tarrant's girl employees close to 100.

CLERGYMAN WOUNDED.

Thrilling Escapes and Heroic Actions Told by Him.

The Rev. Martin Luther, who was within a block of the scene of the accident when the explosion occurred, had a remarkable escape. He was on his way from the Franklin street ferry to attend the noon meeting at the John Street Methodist Church.

He was in a very excited state at the result of his trying experience, and was suffering from a wound in the head as a result of trying to hold a horse which had been knocked down by a truck. He was kicked in the head.

"My experience," he said, "was one which I will never forget. I came up Franklin street from the ferry and turned down Washington street to Warren. I had just turned the corner into Warren street when the first explosion occurred. When the second and terrific crash came I was in the middle of the block between Greenwich and Washington streets. I was on the south side of the street looking at the building.

"Just before the great explosion I had been directly opposite the burning building looking at the fire and the people escaping down the fire ladders. Had I remained in that position a few moments longer I would have been killed. I consider my escape an act of Providence."

"When I first arrived on the scene there was a dense black smoke pouring out of the windows of the burning building. As I looked, men and women were being assisted out by the firemen and were coming down the ladders. Then there was a noise from the interior of the structure and a white smoke began to pour out. Just before the explosion took place, I was in the street looking at the building and went down the block.

"Every one on the escapes seemed to have been rescued, and so far as I could see there was no one on the escapes when the explosion occurred. Who can describe the scene? As I looked the smoke appeared at one of the upper windows. His face expressed both agony and fear. The smoke almost shut him out from the view of those in the street."

"Go up to the roof. For God's sake. The man left the window. I do not believe that he ever left the room in which he was. It was a few moments after that the big explosion took place."

Had Rush from Peril.
"Before the first explosion everybody was trying to get a good view of the fire. I was a mad rush to get out of the way. This rush became a stampede when the second explosion took place."

"I was looking directly at the building when the shock came. It was a stamp that I shall never forget. It seemed to me that the whole building was carried up into the air only to break into a thousand pieces to come down on the people and houses, burning death and destruction."

"There was a slight ground before the explosion and then with a flash and a noise that shook the ground, the building went up."

"I had been standing near a building, and I dived through and got just inside the shelter of the doors when the glass in the windows of the building was smashed and the fragments fell all about me."

"The crowd stampeded down the street. Women and men fell over each other, and to add to the excitement of the scene the fire ladders stampeded by people and houses, burning death and destruction."

"There seemed to me to be a great number of trucks in the vicinity. It was the noon hour and many of the horses had their feed-bags over their heads."

At Greenwich street they blocked the street. Those that had fallen were kicked and run down by the others trying to get past. It was awful.

"I tried to get to one of the horses which was not injured, but which had fallen. I was then I received the wound you see from the frightened animal's hoof."

Mr. Luther went on: "While all that was going on there was a perfect rain of timber, tin and glass pouring down upon the streets. I might say, literally, that people were falling all around me. Of course, not all of these people were killed, nor were they badly injured, but some of them seemed to be seriously hurt."

"Right after the explosion it rained destruction for it seemed to me, five minutes. Every place that afforded a shelter was sought by those who had a few minutes before were trying to get near enough to see the fire. I saw a number of girls struck and a number of men knocked down."

"I saw a team of horses fully two blocks from the scene of the accident felled by a large piece of timber. It was fully ten inches thick and such was the force of the blow that it was split into pieces. One ran madly down the street, scattering the crowds and causing great excitement."

"I waited no longer, for I feared that there might be another explosion in the rear and that this time I might not be able to get away. I came at once to the John Street Church, where I gave thanks to God for my deliverance."

a Madison avenue car and went uptown.

Thomas Downes, of 126 West Fourth street, Williamsburg, had reached the corner of Broadway and Warren street, opposite the Park on his way across to the bridge, when the second explosion came.

Downes threw him to the ground. As he rose a piece of falling glass struck his right hand, leaving it open as cleanly as would a surgeon's knife.

John Lawlor was passing along the west side of City Hall square when the explosion knocked him down and a shower of broken glass cut his left leg and arm severely.

He H. Rapp, of 100 North William street, was also knocked down at the west end of City Hall square near Warren street, and badly cut about the hand with glass.

Those three were helped into Perry's pharmacy, where their wounds were dressed.

Hits of planking from one inch to four feet in length struck the grass plots of the square and were eagerly snatched up by mobile relief-hunters. These curious-seekers also made collections of the paper, tin and powder-grimed wood that covered the walks.

PRIESTS ON THE GROUND

Helped Police and Firemen and Ministered to the Injured.

While the confusion was at its height, the priest of St. Peter's Church, at Barclay and Church streets, headed by Father M. F. Keltcher, ran to the scene of the explosion and gave the police and firemen valuable assistance in helping the wounded to safe places and carrying the helpless to the ambulances as they arrived.

They searched for those desperately hurt and administered the last rites on the sidewalks, while crowds surged about and firemen worked amid the roar.

Word was sent to other churches and the other priests were on the ground and at the hospital ministering to those apparently dying. All did heroic work.

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ATLANTIC CAFE, GREENWICH AND WARREN STREETS.

M'CLUSKY ON THE SCENE.

Detective Chief Tells of the Great Catastrophe.

Capt. McClusky was in Broadway at the corner of Warren street when the fire broke out.

He sauntered down Warren street until within two blocks of the Tarrant building, when the first explosion occurred.

"It was a fearful sight, and I realized instantly that a great catastrophe had happened," said he to an Evening World reporter. "I was shaken on my feet, but knew that I might be able to do something myself."

"My men found thousands of dollars lying round in the Irving street when they looked it up, and then noticed that the telephone wires were down. I sent for men to cut them as they threatened the firemen at their work."

The Captain was drenched with water and fire with smoke.

"I cannot estimate how many are killed. I should say hundreds may be under the debris. It may be days before the full extent of the loss to life and property is known."

He was ordering houses to close, but business men seem to know what to do. Then the Chief of the Detective Bureau dashed off into the smoke to meet several squads of reserves, as they marched down to hold the crowds in check.

The crowd was so thick that an ambulance ran over one man. He was not seriously hurt. Men and women, frantically excited, were shouting and pushing and the scene was a awful one. Women who had been driven from buildings were running about hysterically.

WRECKED BUILDINGS.

List of the Structures Injured by the Explosion.

These buildings on the west of Greenwich street were ablaze at 2:30 o'clock: No. 24—The Home-Made Hotel.

No. 26—James H. Co., manufacturers of flags.

No. 28—Frank R. Bourne, H. H. Smith and Julius Asselbach, commission merchants.

No. 30—Fred Rosebrook, dealer in general produce.

On the east side of Greenwich street many buildings were badly damaged by the explosions. The fronts of the buildings had fallen in and the ceilings were demolished. These were the wrecked structures:

Northeast corner of Greenwich and Warren streets—the Irving National Bank.

23—Leonard Avery, butter and cheese.

No. 25-1/2—Heldbach, bakery.

No. 26-1/2—A. Weigand, brush factory.

No. 27-1/2—J. J. Fergus, cigar store.

No. 28-1/2—Fishlow, gentlemen's furnishings.

No. 30—John S. Martin, general produce.

The Tarrant Building stood at the northeast corner of Greenwich and Warren streets.

It was a new structure. Next to that building, on Warren street, was a narrow alley, on the other side of which stood Conkling & Co.'s, commission merchants. Next came Allen & Co., commission men, on the corner of Warren and Washington streets.

On the south side of Warren street, opposite the Tarrant building, was a corner shop and drug store, and next to that the large building of Eppel, Smith & Wieman, coffee and tea merchants. On the southwest corner of Washington and Warren streets was the Chambers street, was the building of William Allen & Co., McCormick, Hume & Co., fruitmen; John Nix, commission merchant; Geunig & Trapp, produce men.

On Washington street next to Perilli & Perilli's was Van Arsdale & Co., Pennell & Co. and Phillips & Son.

BEGGED FOR HER SISTER.

Policeman's Story of Terrible Scenes at the Explosion.

Policeman Madney, of the Broadway Squad, who was one of the first on the ground, and who saw the Tarrant Building fall into Warren street, gave an Evening World reporter the following description:

"I heard one shock and ran to look down Warren street."

"Crowds of people were then running away from the fire, which seemed to cover the street with a huge blaze. Then came the big explosion."

"I saw people fall and get up and run and then with a roar the whole building tumbled blazing into the street. I am sure it fell upon many persons in Warren street. Around me glass clattered from windows and a few feet distant a number of tin cans, bottles, books and pieces of roofing fell."

"The street grew as dark as night, but I heard few groans or screams. I think those who were killed never uttered a sound."

Main of Cinders.
"In a little tobacco store nearly three blocks away from the explosion cinders in boxes were tumbled in heaps from the shelves upon which they had been arranged."

"The shoe and leather bank building, at the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, lay the while horse's companion dead. He had been struck by a heavy piece of timber."

"Near by stood a great white truck horse with his back, legs and side gashed. His blood dyed the water in the streets. Two blocks away, in Murray street, lay the white horse's companion dead. He had been struck by a heavy piece of timber."

"Even when the excitement was at its height, when blanched-faced men and women were hurrying along, they knew whether policemen noticed men, young rough fellows, dodging into stores, evidently in the hope of losing deserted places."

"None but the loss serious cases have as yet been heard from. Those unfortunates and dying were taken into wards upstairs, and there cared for. No returns have yet been made to the Hospital."

At the Hudson Street Hospital all formalities were done away with. Persons were brought in, had their injuries attended to and left. The Hospital authorities took no record of names or addresses. There was a steady stream of people, with blood trickling over their faces, and with injuries of various sorts, crowding toward the doors of the dispensary ward of the hospital.

It was necessary for the police to form lines down to the building and keep the crowd back. Lines of wounded persons were formed that stretched back from the hospital entrance for several feet.

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INJURED IN LINE.